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# HIGH-WATER MARK

SUNDAY REPUBLIC Dec. 3, 1905

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over Sunday, Dec. 4, 1984. the corresponding Sunday last year.

It's The Republic Everywhere in the Homes of St. Louis.

### DIVINE SARAH'S DIMPLED FEET

in general people do not regard the divine Bern andt as a beauty by the recognized standards. For hat matter, beauty is not material in her case; she us come past the time of life and the point of a to the extent of pronounced sallowness and of the equator while we are having our winter. arinkles. But Sarah's feet-sh! Du Maurier, had

Without any wish to be droll, it may be said that Bernhardt feet are beautiful-beautiful enough is be poetle feet. This statement rests not upon is authority of photographs alone, but upon an meedote related to Mr. Leon Mead some time ago Napoleon Sarony, concerning the circumstances under which he photographed her as "Leah, the

Having chosen Sarony to photograph her in the different roles she was to interpret during one of aer early New York engagements, Bernhardt reached he studio one morning with a trunkful of costumes The finally came out of the dressing-room in the natched and faded garb of Leah. Sarony noticed but she were black stockings, with holes in them. He remembered having seen her play the part minus our hostery whatever. So, with his finest diplomery he said in French:

Mme. Bernhardt, I am sorre to see you with those stockings on. If I am not mistaken, you play he part without them:

"Not when it is very cold on the stage, M. Sa rony," hedged the actress, with a piquant shrug of her shoulders

Besides," went on the gallant photographer anyone with such classic feet as yours, so perfectly modeled by nature, should not be ashamed to let the createst charms.

Thable to resist this unusual compliment, the actress retired to the dressing room to remove her stockin s. Then she reappeared, and the photographer began to pose her.

What Sarony had said to her about her feet was sincere and entirely true; they were indeed most

Emperor William, Jerome K. Jerome, Richard Le dailienne, Bliss Carman, Conan Doyle-certainly hese are names to conjure with. But as great as prouches them-their contributions in to-day's Republic Magazine are supplemented by fourteen other contributions, one of which is Mr. Mead's article uson Sarah Bernhardt, which goes on to relate more concerning the great actress.

Emperor William's article in to-day's number lands for one of the magazine achievements of a decade. It is the Emperor's Christmas message to the world-a sermon upon the text "God Is With ading

Next Sunday's Magazine will have attractions fully equal, if not superior, to those of to-day. Morley Roberts, the great Australian povelist, will have a thrilling story of adventure as one of the features. An exceedingly fine story by the well-known Winifred Black, "Marx's Broader Life," is well up with the best productions of its kind.

Doctor William T. Hornaday, director of the New truth, and the truth is so interesting that the reader have generally fallen on the producers. make great shaggy bears and the like fall in love extended that the collection of data for a correct with little girls in the wildwood. Doctor Horns report, even of acreage and condition, can never be

of Pottenham is even excelled by his escape from fidence. the commercial highwayman. Thereis the sieldse falciery, with King Edward III hawking at are a hindrence formed of a help to be-

splendid citual. For many excellent reasons, next efficiency. The Government should publish only assophisticated readers.

THE SENATE AND THE CANAL

It is hoped that the sharp scrutiny which the Senate is beginning to exercise over Panama Canal affairs will promote, rather than retard, the enter-

are of such promise that it would be a pity if criticism should be carried to the length of obstruc-

struction of the canal in the best way and in the shortest time consistent with good work is unmistakable.

The interests of the entire country, including both ocean coasts, the Mississippi Valley and the Gulf States, are so concerned in the opening of this shorter way between the two oceans that the President will not lack for support in the efficient prosecution of the work.

But the scandals growing out of the Government's part in the building of the first Pacific railroads are not forgotten, and he need not resemble scrutiny which tends to prevent their repetition in the construction of the canal.

Including the money paid to the French company by our agents on the isthmus, the canal has already | Court of Missouri? cost us some \$60,000,000, and we are not yet by any

means ready to begin digging.

If there has been inefficiency or unnecessary delay, the Senate may bring out the fact and belo to correct the fault. If its scrutiny is exercised with an eye single to the correction of these evils and the prevention of their recurrence, it will render the santry an important service.

A quarrel between the President and the Senate delaying or imperiling the construction of the canal would be deplored by the whole country.

THE LENGTHENING DAYS.

"As the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen" is a proverb of the homely weatherwise which nearly always comes true in the middle latitudes of the North Temperate Zone.

In the frost-bitten regions farther north the cold does not wait until the days begin to lengthen before it begins to strengthen, but sets in at a good pace by Thanksgiving Day or earlier.

But in the latitudes near that of St. Louis there is seldom a beginning of real winter until after the shortest day is past, and then usually just enough of it to make the first snows look beautiful as they fall, and cause us to feel Christmas in our hones. As the days go on slowly adding to their minutes of sunlight the cold sometimes becomes too strenuous and persistent and the snows are not always beautiful save to youngsters ardent in sleighing, sleiding

As it spins round the sun the earth's axis of rota tion is inclined to the plane of its orbit at a fixed angle of 23% degrees, and at the winter solstice. which we have just passed, the northern bemisphere is most sharply tilted away from the face of the sun, causing then the shortest days and longest

It is this tilt, also, causing the northern bemi sphere to receive the sun's rays most obliquely at this season, which makes our winters, for at midwinter we are nearer to the sun than at midsummer. At the same time the southern hemisphere is tilted areer when beauty counts. In reality Sarah is toward the sun, which gives summer to people south

The great beauty of the Missouri winter is that which we are subject to periodical visitations of sharp cold, the goosebone weather prophets are telling us that the faint markings on the bone indicate as a "sure thing" that this is to be one of the mildest winters that ever was, and this view is confirmed by students of meteorology who watch the squirrels for signs and anguries

They say these vivacious little creatures have lake in small stores of nuts. But there is no telling. A squirrel who has been so improvident may have a fasting Lent. And he may not meet the ground hor

# CROP FACTS, NOT GUESSES, WANTED.

In view of the discredit into which the Depart ment of Agriculture's crop estimates have fallen and the scandals arising from some of its alleged crop statistics, there need be small wonder that the House Committee on Agriculture on Tuesday depled the appeal of certain interests for a new cotton yield estimate to be issued on January 10.

The claim of the applicants that the last cotton stimate was too low was vigorously combated by Representative Webb of North Carolina Representative Burleson of Texas and by Representatives of other cotton States, wich the result that the commit-

Other circumstances doubtless influenced the de cision of the committee, which accords closely with the demands of the Na-nal Ginners' Association and with the expected conclusions of the Keep Commission, not yet officially reported. The emphatic assertions of Representative Livingston of Georgia and others that the department's crop "estimates" are, at best, nothing but guesses seem to be winning among members of Congress and of the auministration converts to the proposal to cut out all crop "estimates" and confine the department's crop reporting to the publication of ascertained facts of acreage, condition and yield actually in sight.

It is surprising that Secretary Wilson does no gladly accept the proposed change. The confessedly extravagant reports of cotton and tobacco acre age published in the early summer, the indictment of one of his statisticians, the resignation and sud-I's." You will find it interesting and uplifting den departure for Europe of another, swould convince him that he will be doing well if he can hold his subordinates to accuracy, fidelity and honcety in the publication of the simple facts about acreage and | Tork free; that is, if he can steal the freight charge, or

if the department's reports of crop yield could be reduced to mathematical accuracy, or even to try is now in his mathematical probability, they would be invaluable every year. alike to growers and buyers of all our stapse cropscorn, wheat and tobacco as well as cotton. The York Zoological Park, never writes lies or fiction failure to attain accuracy in them has been a keen about the animals under his charge; he sticks to the disappointment and a cause of heavy losses which

day's hears are less remantic but a thousand times an easy task. The compilation of such information by the employes of the Bureau of Statistics is arr-In next Sunday's number Conan Doyle's great rounded by many and strong temptations. The story, "Sir Nigel," will move rapidly with the hero's temptations incident to "estimates" of yield, to be adventures when he goes to prepare for the King's sprung upon the speculative markets, are such that enteriniment. Nigel's escape from the Wild Man the "estimates" can selden be accepted with con-

Honesty in trading is the mother of confiden mith. Following this, comes a delightful chapter business. Mislending suports from the Government

sday's loose demands particular attention from certained facts about the crops; if it cannot get

the appraisement and sale of the segregated coal and asphalt lands of the Chectaws and Chickasaws acceptable to both whites and Indians in the southern part of the Territory.

Odell has started a revolt against Roosevelt. When he was at the World's Fair dedication the then Governor had the look of a champion scrapper. If he is up to his looks the New York g. o. p. will have a gladiatorial spectacle worth a position by the side of the classic Blaine-Conkling episode.

A warm time is coming in the Thirteenth Congressional District-but that will be nothing to the heat produced by the friction when the Twelfth Congressional District comes in for treatment by the State Democratic Committee,

New York courts decide that ballot boxes canno be opened for the purpose of inspecting and recounting ballots. Will the Globe and other Republican and to the Republic of Panama, and that expended organs make the proper apology to the Supreme

> only comment on the daily news from Russia. But of what kind is the order that must in the end come out of this chaos?

There is one class of men who may be depended upon to enjoy the Christmas respite—the insurance officials who are spending their days on the witness

"The Pickwick Club" is getting the Dickens, very appropriately. And about 250 others will get the same kind of deserts if the police know their busi-

### RECENT COMMENT

The North German race is p in the grasp of one absorbing idea. "Deutschland ueber Alles" says the motto. In these days that means the commercial supremacy and dominance of Germany round the world.

For instance, all Europe knows that the death Emperor Franz Joseph will be the signal for the breaking up of Austria, the last remnant of old Rome, the Eastern Empire of two sons of Constantine. Even now the fabric is loose; nothing holds together the irrecunular affection for the Emperor and popular commiseration for his misfortunes. He has no direct successor the heir-apparent is not liked, and upon the advent of the new ruler trouble is scheduled. The Hungarians have ing else. With the removal of that keystone the arch falls, inevitably, and from the fragments the North Germans expect to gather at once Bohemia, Austria proper and the Tyrol.

And why? These countries must go somewhere; they cannot drift of alone. The trend of progress is wholly against small nations, wholly accretive and solidifying. Except Bohemia, the countries here involved are naturally German; therefore their inevitable place is in the German Empire

Moreover, close about the borders of Germany are other States essentially German in population and thought. Holland, for instance. The law of evolution is the development of what is necessary for the survival of the stronger organism. Holland has magnificent seaports adjacent to the Atlantic, and Germany needs nanifest destiny will draw it into the confederation.

North Germans see plainly the future of Switzerland as a Province in the coming German Empire. Some persons, knowing well the temper of the Swiss people believe that first it will be necessary to depopulate the ountry; but the German answer to this is the natural force of development which is driving the nations together as surely as it is indicating the dominance of the most resolute and hardy.

And what will the rest of Europe be doing while thu the new German Empire is being formed? There are the balance of power, and the European concert, and all the rest of it; the Dreibund and the Zweibund and the Entente Cordiale, and what of all these?

According to the German idea of things the rest Europe will have no more to say about the forming of the new than it had to say about the forming of the present German Empire. If Austria shall conclude to join the great German confederation, that will be nobody's business. If Holland determine to follow the example of Lavaria, of what concern will that be to he rest of the world? Nobody interfered when Bavaria came in. If Denmark be induced to give up a precarious and costly independence for a place in the German procession, who shall deny her the right? Sooner or later, according to the imperialistic bies, the roller is to go over all the smaller nations; they are doomed to oblite ation, anyway, like small tradesmen before a department store or small manufacturers before a trust.

#### You Pay the Freight. Ray Stannard Baker in McClure's

That loss has to be made up by somebody; it floes not come out of the pockets of the railroad men, we may be sure of that. The railroad gets it back in high rates on the farmer's product-for the farmers have no trust. They get it back in rates on your hats and shoes, your food, your coal and other commodities. You pay it; you are a sort of unconscious philanthropist assisting Mr. Armour in his business by paying part of his freight rate.

heights of power, playing thus with the destinies of cities, but they go also to the depths of petty trickery. Nothing seems too great nor too small when a penny is to be turned. One would suppose that when they make millions in wholesale rate discriminations that they would not descend to mean and trivial subterfuges. But examine this condition of things. Beef is hung up in the refrigerator cars. There is a space underneath on the floor of the car. It has been charged that this space is cometimes crowded full of dressed poultry, eggs and so on. Poultry and eggs take a high freight rate: but thus packed. Armour gets them carried for nothing! It is his car; it is his packing-house; he las tremendous infin once with railroads. Inspectors are, of course, appointed see that no contraband freight is carried, and that the weights are correctly registered; but there are many cars and few inspectors-as the testimeny in these case plainly shows. How much of such business goes on to one knows and no one can find out-but it has been hown to exist in numerous cases. Of course, if Armour can carry his poultry and eggs from Chicago to New even a small part of it; he can undersell his competitors and ultimately put them out of business. Indeed, a very large part of the poultry and egg business of the counhands, and more to drifting that way

Harper's Weekly A South Carolina Congressman who is fond of recounting humorous instances of the whimstealities of our "culled" brethren tells of an assusing incident that he

witnessed in a negro church in Columbia. "The preacher officiating," says the Representative was one of those old-fashioned darky elergymen who loved to descant at length upon any topic for which he ed something more than an your with a discourse upon the major prophets. He then proceeded to devote some attention to the minor prophets. In course of time he reached Hoses. My breadiren, exclaimed he, 'we now taken up Hoses. We re Hoses. Where shall we put Hoses?

unseculy length of his preacher's remarks, arose to his feet and shuffled out of his pew, muttering in a voice load enough to be heard by the minister:

A SERMON FOR TO-DAY. Property by The Paperty by E. F. C. THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

ate you is born this day in the city of Do a Savior which is Christ the Land.-Last

Underlying all the other significances of the Christmas season, there is the fact it celebrates the beginning of a new ore. It is no accident or mere mechanical contrivance that we date all our events from the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem. There is more than difference in rectoning between B. C. and A. D.; there is great difference in spirit, in the thoughts of men, and the trend of history.

The new day began with the dawning of the understanding that heaven turned to earth with love and longing. Angels bending over shepherds were the messengers of the Most High seeking out the lowilest and promising to all classes the time when by the relan of peace and good will, the narmony and felletty of heaven should be the possession of earth.

The observance of this day belos to bring in that era of good will and to fulfill that promise by bringing to the surface at least once a year the best of Rindness, generosity, and happiness that is in us. If Christmas had been founded on a myth it would still be worth the cherishing. What could be better for us all than a time when we rejoiced in giving, in serving, in thinking and planning the good of others? Greatly as the spirit of the season has seen abused, it still works for nobler things and thoughts in mankind. The espential spirit of the day is but a reflection of its origin. That was the day of heaven's great gift to humanity; these, our days of giving.

of heaven's great gift to humanity; these, our days of giving.

That gift of which the angels sang is the measure as well as the source of all our giving. It was the gift of a life, and vain are our deeds and empty our gifts to one another unless there is also this giving of life; they are but trade and harter. Every living, loving, lasting gift is the gift of some life; it is the blood we put into a thing that gives it value.

By that gift long ago the Most High sought to have men understand his love for them. In some way there then began a life that all the ages, without a dissenting voice, testify was different from all other lives a life touched by a higher, nobler, divisor spirit; a life that was truly a kift to the world, and such that no other gift has ever approached it in value.

All other things together have not so enriched, inspired and elevated the world as the spirit, the example, the words and works of the man who began his life to riched, inspired and elevated the world as the spirit, the example, the world and the spirit, the example, the world and the spirit, the example, the world and works of the man who began his life in the lowly manger. Whether stars appeared or angels sang then make little difference; the life was worthy of both and more. It has been the star of inspiration and the song and glory of the ages since. So that it is more than a figure of speech that speaks of this as a gift from on high, and as the outgoing of the heart of all to us all. The deeds of kindness, the words of supreme wisdom and tenderest sympathy and counfort, the life of sacrifice, and the continued power of that life to this day, all come to this world as the Infinite One seeking to tind, and bless, and restore us all.

His birth was the beginning of a new

all.

His birth was the beginning of a new spirit in the world. Gone were the days of hate and born the power of the days of love. Men learned a new lesson; they began with clearer vision than ever before to give themselves to their fellows. They followed that divine light, and it led along paths of pain, and toil, and loss, but it led to peace, and joy, and good will amongst men.

nen. Thus Christmas Day stands out as typic Thus Christmas Day stands out as typical and prophetic in its good feeling of what all the days shall be. Its spirit is the little leaven that shall leaven the whole lump until every day is Christ's lay-a day of peace and harmony, of joy and love amongst all the soms of men, a day that shall last a thousand years.

And the music that filled the air that first Christmas night was but the prelude to a song that grows ever sweeter, stronger. Continents long silent or sighing catch the strain, new ares take it up, and over the din and turnoll, over all the discords and jarring notes of our greed, and strife, and hatred rises more and more triumphant the angels' heaven-born anthem of peace and good will—the glory of God in the good of man.

### HYMNS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THE ANGEL'S SONO.

BY EDMUND HAMILTON SBARS.

hymns, was written by an American, Primus-linesticon steam (Sandielleld, Mass., April 6, tale a Unitarian minister, a graduate of Union College, Schenectaly, and of the divinity achou of Harvard. Although the hymn is comparatively new, being published in the Christian Register in 1881, it has become popular and its use in church services at Christmas time is almost universal. Along with the older hymns it is sung as a carel on the streets in England and in the colonies on the last few nights before Christmas day.)

It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold
"Peace to the carth, good will to man,
From heaven's all gracious king";

Still through the cloven skies Still through the cloven skies it.
With peaceful wings unfurbel;
And still celestial music floats.
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains.
They bend on heavenly wing.
And ever o'er its Rubel sounds.
The blessed angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load.
Whose forms are bending low.
Who toil along the climbing way.
With painful steps and slow—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O. rest beside the weary road.
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on, For fo: the days are mastering on.
By prophet bards foretold.
When with the ever circling years
Come round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fing.
And the whole world send back the
Which now the angels sing!

# SENTENCE SERMONS.

Good cheer chokes many a fear

The salt of the earth will have to so Angels are niways singing where love You are never rich enough to spuri

True charity knows nothing of absent

Sacrifice gives a heavenly grace to any

The happiness reaped to-day depe There is no bishing from the subpornat

A man does not make an owl of olf by making a donkey of others. The outgoing of the heart to another means the incoming of heaven to your-

They hear best the angel's songs listen for earth's sighs. Peace with God is not a matter of patching up a compromise with the devil.

The heart that burns with love nly thing that overcomes hatred. Tears in the eyes are often telescopes hat bring heaven near at hand.

Some men think they can put cash one pocket and conscience in the oth and by keeping the left hand knorant the deeds of the right live happy ex-after.

The Book of Dr. Lenisses

The Book of 91. Lealanne.

This work, now in course of preparations to the Republic, will aim to present a brief, succinct and yet comparte manner, authentic life-sketches of a 1 the leading men of the metropolis of the gree Southwest who are now living.

These sixtches will in no case partial of the nature of calogies or puffs, but with the calogies of puffs.

# ACCIDENTS THAT ILLUSTRATE THE PERILS OF PROGRESS

BY MRS. JOHN A LOGAN.

So many disasters have occurred in 1855 that surely it will be denominated the fateful year. The melanchely thing is that almost every one is the inevitable consequence of carriesaness.

The responsibility for the lives of human beings assuredly rests lightly upon most corporations, operators and officials, or they would be more vigilant in their tratchfulness of the most minute detail of their duty.

or they would be more vigilant in their watchfulness of the most minute detail of their duty.

The continual handling of powerful explosives causes persons to become indifferent to their deadly character.

Automobile accidents have been too appolling and too numerous to mention, all through the recklessness and irresponsibility of operators and chauffeurs and proprietors. Legislation governing the operation of these machines is imperative. A rigid examination and license should be required also, establishing the speed and age limit of automobile operators. They are too powerful and too complicated in their mechanism to be intrusted to minors or women unaccompanied by men of mature years and experience. Owners of automobiles refusing to comply with such regulations should thereby forfeit their neivilege of operating their machines as by their incompetency through ignorance or youth they hazard their own and the lives of others.

Various corporations have been unsually

Warious corporations have been unsually unfortunate this year in the number of misfortunes that have overtaken them. The query arises. Who is to blame? Are their employees the best that can be secured through the most generous compensation and care in the personal knowledge of the fitness of the agents and employees for the duties intrusted to them, or are many of them parsimonious and employeinefficient and insufficient persons to operate and conduct the business of the corporation to save money and increase their own dividends? There should be laws authorizing constant inspection and

companies y compliance with all the moneyconry anfeguards for the protection and
preservation of human life.

One cannot fail to observe in crossing
the ocean on the different liners the great
difference between discipline on board the
German and American and English ships.
The devotion to duty and unswerving attention to every minute detail by officers
and men on a German ship give one a
feeling of absolute confidence and security. The officers may be considered unsociable by the unrithinking Thoughtful
people do not expect officers charged with
the grave responsibility of sulling a ship
to give their time to the social entertainment of the passengers.

American officers are-too much disposed
to be agreeable and too often accept the

their managers and agents, as that wants is required of those enlisting in the army and the navy.

They should be made to understand that they are also subject to severe penalties according to the extent of their criminal violations of the regulations. Until this is done and examples are made by relentless prosecutions of all offenders, there can be no safety for human life in the world's thoroughfares and industrial plants.

Convright, 190, by W. R. Hearst. Great Bitteria.

# CHILD SANTA CLAUS KNEW REAL SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

BY LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
A little woman sat at her parier table on Christmas Eve, busy tying up brown paper parcels.
On each side of her were chairs heaped with dolls. Nouh's arks, picture books, workboxes and all kinds of cheap toys. The check on the mantelpiece pointed to ask for his reward. Miss Mary waited, and in a few minutes her old zervant appeared with dolls. Nouh's arks, picture books, workboxes and all kinds of cheap toys. The check on the mantelpiece pointed to ask for his reward. Miss Mary waited, with dolls. Nouh's arks, picture books, workboxes and all kinds of cheap toys. The check on the mantelpiece pointed to ask for his reward. Miss Mary waited, and in a few minutes her old zervant appeared at the door.

"Anything for the waits, Miss Mary?"
"Give him sheened at her does not deserve it," she said.
"He looks very cold and hungry," and Jane.
"Who is it" asked Miss Mary.
"Sarah Smith's boy," said Jane.
"Then give him a shiffing, poor child. I suppes his mother is drinking at the Red Loo.."
Jane withdrew, and Miss Mary went on with her parcels. Half an hour later they were their only her.

Jane had a stable lantern and a huge basket, and together the two old women started out with the gifts. They went through the village to the outlying cottages first, then to the side street, and in his days Miss Mary had superintended all the Christmas preparations at the rectory. But that was years ago.

The old rector had been her father, and in his days Miss Mary had superintended all the Christmas preparations at the rectory. But that was years ago.

The old rector had been dead for more than fifteen years and Miss Mary had superintended all the Christmas preparations at the rectory. But that was years ago.

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tory. But that was years ago.

The old rector had been dead for more than fifteen years and Miss Mary had lived in a small red house in the village square, but she still gave a little gift to everyone in the village, though they were not what they had been in the good old rectory days. Miss Mary sighed as she tied up a doll, a comforter and a Noah's ark in one parcel. Christmas was not what it used to be.

She feared that this dreadful skepticism had reached even the little village. People

had reached even the little village. People did not go to church as once they did. The children did not come to Sunday school. There was not the same respect for the church as there had been in her father's days.

church as there had been in her father's days.

She saw men in the square sometimes who only nodded their heads when the new rector massed by. If they had done that to her father, she believed he would have taken his stick to them. He had made them compared to the same transfer of made them come to church, too, and send their children to Sunday school, but then those days were over, and a new order had arisen.

those days were over, and a new order had arisen.

"What would her father have said, she wordered, if he could have heard that horrid German band pl. ying at this moment in the square? All the young men and girls in the village were walking to the vile music, sometimes stopping to sing the chorus of a music hall song. He would never have allowed it, she felt sure. But the new rector seemed powerless. It is true he had to be said to the head of the sure has a sure of the said to the head to the said to the head to the said to the said to the head to the said to the never have allowed it, she felt sure. But the new rector seemed powerless. It is true he had asked them all to begin their Christmas by prayer in the old church, and the church had been very gay with candles when the belis rang out to call the village to evensong. But how few had answared the call? Only half a dozen old ladies like herself.

Miss Mary was afraid that Christianity was dead in the village. The gld-fashioned christmas and all that it meant were gone forever. As she passed by the shops on her way back from church, she had noticed how full they were, how busy every-

her way back from church, she had noticed how full they were, how busy everybody was, and how unheesful of the
church's call. Nobody seemed to realize
what Christmas meant. They were all busy
with their pleasures and cares, and the
enly suggestion of Christmas that had
reached her ears was the shrill voice of a
phonograph from the "Red Lion" singing
"Hark, the Herald Angels fing:
"Almost sacrilege." she murmired to
herself, as she thought of that harsh, unnatural sound. The next moment abe
started. Another voice was singing the
very same hymn outside her winlow. She
listened. It was the voice of a child,
shrill, tuneless, a hasty gabble through the
words, careless as to whether they were
right or wrong.

Miss Mary righen. "That is what the Miss Mary righed. "That is what the waifs have come to—some naughty little boy making it an excuse for begging." A

ist of all to the square.

It was nearly 19 o'clock when at last their rounds were done.

"You must get to bed, Miss Mary, fee the bells will awaken you early in the morning," said Jane. Miss Mary was bending over the parlor fire.

"I never felt less like Christmas, Jane," she said. "I believe the village has forgotten it. To-morrow is only a holiday to them. If they were to look up and see the angels in the sky they would not remember whose birthday it is."

"The children will know when they get their toys in the morning," said Jane.

"Ah, that is the worst of it," said Miss Mary. "We only know of our own pleasure now. That is all Christmas means."

"Well, Sarah Smith's children will have little pleasure." said Jane. "I saw Sarah and her husband staggering into the Red Lion as we went past."

"Poor children, I ought to have remembered them, but they are so naughty and se dirty and they never come to Sunday school."

"There is a spare cake, and some or-

"There is a spare care, and some oranges," hinted Jane.

"Put them in a basket and we'll take
them, Jane."
Once more they started out, this time
across the square, and up a narrow courtyard to where some dirty cottages were
hidden from view. At the first of these
Jane stopped and knocked.

"Who's there?" called a child's voice.
"Sandy Claws," Jane answered, before
Miss Mary had time to reply. In a moment the door was thrown open, and a
small boy stood on the threshold. His face

fell when he saw the two women standing there.

"I thought it was"—he began, but Miss Mary had stepped inside.

"Where is your mother?" she asked.

The hoy answered curtly, "Father and her's both boozing." Miss Mary looked around the room, then she gave a little cry, for on the table, among dirty cups, crusts and stale bread crumbs, stood at the chartest and stale bread crumbs, stood at the chartest holy stuck in a flower pot, but the flower not was covered with gold.

but the flower por was covered with gold paper, and the holly branch was hung with toys and oranges. "Whose is that?" she asked. The boy answered shyly, "Mine." "What is it for?" He looked shyer than ever. It's for the kids," he answered. "And they, where are they?" asked Miss Mary.
"In bed an bour ago, I put them all to bed 'cause I didn't want them to know; I got that shilling for singing ''Ark, the 'erald angels sing.' It's a surprise for them for Christmas."
Miss Mary left the cake and oranges and

went quietly home.
"It is Christmas, Jane," she said as she

# KEEP THE THOUGHT OF ETERNAL YOUTH CONSTANTLY IN MIND

# BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

WEITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

To make this care-filled world as beautiful as we can to heart, mind, eye and ear ahould be one of man's leading efforts.

And by man of course, is meant also woman. Most women love to adorn their persons and their homes; and baving so adorned them, to keen their clothing and their furniture in good order.

If a garment begins to rip or Iray, it is repaired; if the furniture or walls of the home show wear, they are at once looked after.

There is scarcely a woman in the land who does not take pride in the thought that she is regarded as a good housekenper; one who preserves her mansion with scrupulous care and makes it attractive to the eye of every beholder.

If she were told that her home was going to decay for the lack of attention she would feel insulted and disgraced.

Then why do so many women feel ashamed to own that they take as good care of the mansion of the soul as they take of the mere house of wood or stone? Why do they give more attention to the ciothing of the body than to the body itself?

There is scarcely a woman in the land

let to secrecy. She will confess to et ing a "manicure," but further than she will not "incriminate" herself. There are women who dare not confess to the most intimate friend that they consider the body worthy of care beyond the finger tips. But why confess to the finger tips. Far has nobler than the cuti-

Do not be forever harping on the theme of age.

Keep the thought of eternal youth in your mind.

Fill your lungs with full inhalations of Fill your lungs with full inhalations of Fill your lungs with full inhalations of Fill your lungs. fresh air every day several times, and think of youth, vitality and energy while

you breathe.

Expect to look younger next year, next month, and next week. If you have observed any failing off in your personal appearance, instead of saying or thinking that you have reached the turning point toward old age, think you are only passed to the control of the world of the personal appearance to the per ing through a subway station youth and beauty. Begin to care for your body scientifically. - Copyright, 1866, by W. R. Hearst, Britain Rights Reserved.

# TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY IN ST. LOUIS.